

WIPED OUT BY WIND.

AWFUL SCENES OF DESTRUCTION AND DEATH.

Mangled Bodies and Ruined Homes in the Wake of the Tornado Many Killed—Chicago Sky-Scraper Blown Down.

Kansas Towns Wrecked.

A tornado, attended by the greatest number of fatalities ever credited to a single storm in the State, swept over southwestern Michigan, leaving in its wake death and destruction. The storm seems to have first descended upon Kalamazoo, and jumped from there to New Haven, Sumner County, through which it cut a swath nearly a mile wide wherever it descended to earth. In the Sedgewick County the wind next bombarded Butler County, to the southeast, and almost obliterated the villages of Augusta and Towanda, leaving so little standing in the latter that it is a miracle that any soul escaped. But one building was left intact in Towanda, a place of 300 souls. Five people were killed outright. Ten more were fatally injured and a half hundred more or less seriously maimed. At Augusta three were killed. One of these was a child of five. The child was blown out of its mother's arms, and its head and body were later picked up a hundred feet apart. Rhodes is fatally injured, and fifteen others were badly hurt. At Kalamazoo, the Michigan Pacific depot and a large number of buildings were demolished, but no loss of life is reported. Sumner County suffered largely both in loss of life and property. For fifteen miles everything the wind came in contact with was razed. Near New Haven, H. H. Hiley and son, J. Morehouse and Frank Shephard are reported to have been fatally injured. South of Wellington William Little's house was blown to splinters, and Little and four children were killed. Joe Shorvick's house was picked up and with its thirteen occupants, carried 300 yards and dumped in a heap, all the people being seriously, some fatally, hurt. Near Portland John Bristol was killed. South Haven suffered severely from the storm, both in the way of material damage and in the number of lives lost. The house of John Moorehouse was leveled to the ground, and Moorehouse and one child were killed. Other members of the family escaped. John Burmaster's house was crushed like an egg shell, and the whole family was killed in an instant. They are: John Burmaster, wife and three children. Mrs. Frank Shephard was killed by flying timbers. A score of other people were injured in the fatalities. It is reported that not half the fatalities have been reported. The wires have been down in all directions, and it will necessarily take some time to get full reports from the rural districts. Hundreds of farmhouses have been demolished, granaries overturned and grain scattered, and a large number of cattle and horses have been sacrificed.

At Norfolk, Neb., the Episcopal Church was entirely destroyed. The Congregational Church was wrecked, and its steeple and bell tower fell away. Wheaton's planing mill was partly wrecked and fifteen houses and barns were demolished. The cyclone swept a track through the city three blocks wide and ten blocks in length. Many were seriously injured by flying debris. Telegraph wires all over the State are prostrated, and it is impossible to obtain news of the extent of the cyclone. The storm traveled 150 miles over the richest grazing section of the State, dotted with small towns and villages.

At Merrill, Wis., a number of children from 10 to 15 years of age were killed in the German Lutheran Church, when lightning struck the building, knocking four of them to the floor. Ottilie Olman had one shoe torn off and was badly burned and Lena Kunkel was burned from head to foot. The others were seriously injured. All will recover. After leaving the church the current killed a horse in a stable near by.

Iowa was swept by the terrible wind-storm. In Des Moines damage was done to hundreds of houses, and many barns, churches and factories were leveled. The loss will aggregate \$50,000. In Chicago.

Death came with the storm in Chicago. A fury of rain and wind swept across the city early in the evening. At 12 and 16 Pearson street, on the east side and close to the river, a tall brick building stood in the open, with the cottages clustered all about it. The seven-story giant, rising in the midst of the squatty frame buildings, was battered by the full force of a hurricane that caught the falling sheets of water and tore them into shreds. It was an unfinished structure, and the terrific gusts of wind pushed into the open windows and actually tore the fresh walls apart. The building fell. Great masses of brick crashed upon the houses all about and ground them to pieces, bringing death and ruin to a half dozen families. At least five people are known to have been killed. Ten were injured, two of them fatally. All night busy workers toiled at the heaps of debris, clearing away wreckage and recovering the victims. The killed are: Horace Mott, 5 years, 12 Pearson street, head crushed; Edward Mott, 2 years, 12 Pearson street, body crushed; David Hulet, 6 months, 14 Pearson street, head crushed by bricks; Mrs. Isaac Cowan, 12 Pearson street, body not found; William Cowan, 10 years, body not found; Samuel Barndale, mechanic, 214 West Harrison street, visiting the Cowan family, buried in the ruins; Mary Cowan, buried in the ruins; Mrs. Cowan, buried in the ruins. The building, a seven-story brick, fronted on 14 and 16 Pearson street, was 115 feet long by 50 feet wide. It was erected by Street, Young & Kent, manufacturers of brass work. It was practically completed, the roof being over the floor and the day before the storm. The doors and windows had not yet been put in, but

THE WOODWORK THROUGHOUT THE BUILDING

had been finished and the company expected to occupy the building in a few days.

Path of the Storm.

That the storm was one of the most searching and destructive on record is borne out as fragmentary scraps of information struggle in from the North-west, the far West, and Southwest over the badly crippled, almost unworkable wires which escaped the fury of the warring elements.

The justly famous though not popular "Kansan cyclone" seems in this instance to have comprehended a vast expanse of territory upon which to wreak its fury, and any estimate approximating the amount of damage done to property or the number of lives lost is out of the question.

The area of low barometer which has hovered so long over the lake region and Northwestern States seems to have shown this onward rush of high pressure, the weather map indicating two distinct storms, branching from a point apparently in Northwestern Texas like a huge "V," and taking their course one northerly and one northeasterly.

In the onward march northward in swirling, shrieking eddies "Bleeding Kansas" first fell under its mighty power. Death and destruction marked its baleful progress from the moment it left the rolling prairies of the Indian Territory, throwing in its reckless clutch the pretty little city of Towanda, Kas., it bounded on with ever increasing volume, leaving in its wake a maze of shattered buildings, a score of mangled corpses, and a hundred torn and bleeding victims.

Wellington, Caldwell, Augusta, and Kiowa, Kan., then furnished their quota to the death harvest. Passing northward through Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and Minnesota the track of desolation, miles in width, marks its passage, and feeble walls struggle through flag den of prostrate wires from interior towns anxious to tell their tale of woe.

Following the northwest prong of this remarkable atmospheric outbreak, the south and east portion of Kansas is shown to have been attacked with the same irresistible force that characterized the movement of the disturbance in the northward tangent.

Kansas City was again forebodingly reminded of the Lathrop school-house horror of 1886, in which many little children were crushed and numerous homes were wrecked and made desolate by the heavy hand of death when the building, at Fourth and Main streets, crowded, adding five victims to the list of fatalities, and when the great Hannibal and St. Joe bridge was blown bodily from its massive stone foundations into the treacherous Missouri. Reports indicate that another school-house has been wrecked, four unroofed, and untold lesser damage done, though happy no loss of life is yet reported from there. Not a wire remains thence to the southwest, the damage and loss of life being purely conjecture, though the wildest rumors are rife.

OIL AND GAS.
How a Well is Drilled Thousands of Feet in Depth.
When a gas or oil well is located, says S. A. Palmer, in the Indiana Farmer, the first step is to build a derrick, which is a frame from 60 to 90 feet high, built of 2x8 timber in the form of a square pyramid. In this is erected a "walking-beam" or horizontal rocking shaft, pivoted in the middle. 26 feet long, one end of which is connected to the crank shaft of the engine, to the other is suspended the "drill" or boring tool.

The drill "bit" consists of a steel chisel blade, obtuse but sharp, about 8 inches wide, with a shaft about 6 inches in diameter, about 6 feet long, weighing about 250 pounds. The lower or cutting part is of steel; the shaft is of iron. The "stem" is an iron rod of the same size as the shaft of the bit, into which it is screwed, and is 33 feet long, and weighs over 2,000 pounds. In the upper end of the stem is a ring by which the whole is suspended by a 2 1/2 inch manila rope. The drill is raised about three feet for a stroke, the weight being about 2,300 pounds, and let fall on the rocks beneath. The number of strokes average about forty-three per minute.

The hole is 8 inches in diameter at the start, and the drill chisels its way down as far as possible—sometimes from 100 to 200 feet; when water or sand prevents further progress by caving, it is necessary to case the hole with sections of iron tubing, having an inside diameter of 5 1/2 inches, which are screwed together and driven down to the bottom of the hole. Then a smaller drill, fitting the inside of the casing, is again set to work as long as possible. When again obliged to stop, the casing is withdrawn and a "reamer" or wider drill is put down, and the lower portion of the hole is enlarged to 8 inches. Then the casing is again put down to the bottom. In this way the work progresses until the desired depth is reached.

The drill is made with horizontal notches throughout the entire length, as it often happens that the bit or stem breaks while in the hole. In such cases a "grab-hook" is slipped over the end of the broken piece, and in this way recovered.

The "sand-pump," which is used to clean the sand and pulverized rock from the hole, is simply a tube 20 feet long and 3 inches in diameter, the valve being an iron or copper ball 4 1/2 inches in diameter. This tube is let down, and when filled is drawn out. The sand-pump is used about every five feet, and a sample of the rock cut is put into bottles, numbered, and labeled with number of feet and character of rock.

Persia's Only Vessel.
Last year Persia was the only country which appeared in the shipping lists of the world as owning but one vessel, and this year it still occupies its solitary place, the vessel—a steamer of 338 tons—having weathered all the accidents of the year.

CULLOM IS NOT IN IT.

HE THROWS ILLINOIS TO HARRISON.

Letter from the Senator to Ex-Mayor Roche, of Chicago, Showing the Need of Harmony—Cullom to Harrison—Now Thought to Be Clear for the President.

Not a Candidate Now.

Senator Cullom has been drawn from the Presidential race. He has just made public a letter, which is as follows:

UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23.
To the Hon. John A. Roche, Chicago, Ill.
My Dear Senator: Your favor of the 25th, in which you inquire concerning my wishes in reference to the selection of a delegate to be chosen by the Republican in the several Congressional districts and by our State convention to represent the party in the national convention to be held at Minneapolis in June next, has been received and I take pleasure in answering you frankly as to my position.

I have said to the Republicans who have written to me and to my constituents, that I am not a candidate for the nomination, and I have said to the press who have interviewed me, that I would esteem it an honor to have the support of the Illinois delegation in the National Republican Convention, but I have said to no one that I would accept of the nomination.

It is as complete a surrender as it is possible to make in a diplomatic point of view.—New York Recorder.

EMERSON WILLIAM backs down, Premier Salisbury backs down, and Uncle Sam's back is still up.—St. Louis Star Sayings.

PREMIER SALISBURY is backing down, reluctantly and ungracefully, perhaps, but he is backing down.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GIVE Lord Salisbury time and he will let us live on in peaceful possession of our souls, our lives, and our sacred honor.—Minneapolis Tribune.

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FOREIGN news reports that the Queen's grandson, the Duke of Clarence, "caught his death of cold" by standing too long at the grave of a cousin with his head bare, according to a custom which it would have been wiser to ignore.

BELLICOSE IN TONE.

SALISBURY'S REPLY TO PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Replies Only Two Ways—In Either Case Seal Hunting Must Be Prohibited or Ship-Owners Given Notice of Their Liability to Interruption.

Note from Salisbury.

Lord Salisbury has replied as follows to Sir Julian Pauncefote in response to Mr. Wharton's note:

"In reply to your telegram notice has been given to owners of ships sailing for Behring Sea that both agreements at present under discussion between Great Britain and the United States—that as to arbitration and that as to an intermediate arrangement—may affect the liberty of sailing in Behring Sea. They have, therefore, notice of their liability to possible interruption, and will sail accordingly, being liable for the question of time is not, therefore, urgent."

"Inform the President that we concur in thinking that when the treaty has been ratified there will arise a new state of things. Until it is ratified our conduct is governed by the language of your note of the 14th of June, 1890. But when it is ratified both parties must admit that contingent rights have become vested in the other, which both desire to protect."

"I think that the prohibition of sealing, if it stands alone, will be unjust to British sealers. If the decision of the arbitrators should be adverse to the United States. We are, however, willing, when the treaty has been ratified, to agree to an arrangement similar to that of last year if the United States will consent that the arbitrators should, in the event of a decision adverse to the United States, assess the damages which the prohibition of sealing shall have inflicted on British sealers during the pendency of the arbitration, and in the event of a decision adverse to Great Britain should assess the damages which the limitation of slaughter shall, during the pendency of arbitration, have inflicted on the United States or their lessees."

"As an alternative course we are also willing to agree that the prohibition of sealing, to prohibit sealing in the disputed waters if vessels be excepted from prohibition which produce a certificate that they have given security for such damages as the arbitrators may assess in case of a decision adverse to Great Britain, the arbitrators to receive the necessary authority on that behalf. In this case a restriction of slaughter on the islands will not in point of equity be necessary."

"Her Majesty's Government are unable to see any other than one of these two methods of restricting seal hunting in the disputed waters during the arbitration which would be equitable to both parties."

Salisbury States His Terms.

A later note from Lord Salisbury to Sir Julian Pauncefote says:

"I am not prepared to admit, as I gather that the President thinks, that we have obviated the British liability to damages by the party against whom the award is given. I only objected to her Majesty's Government being instructed to receive no commitment. I am ready to consent to reference on this point on the following terms:

"That in case the arbitrators shall decide in favor of the British Government, that Government may ask them further to decide whether the United States Government has, since 1855, taken any action in Behring Sea directly inflicting wrongful loss on British subjects, and, if so, to assess the damages incurred thereby."

"That in case the arbitrators shall decide in favor of the Government of the United States that Government may ask them to decide further whether the British Government have, since 1855, taken any action in Behring Sea, directly inflicting wrongful loss on the United States or their lessees, and, if so, to assess the damages incurred thereby."

The note to Sir Julian Pauncefote of June 14, 1890, referred to in Lord Salisbury's reply, is as follows:

(Received June 14, 1890.)
The undersigned, in answer to her Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States of America, has the honor, by instruction of his Government, to make to the Honorable James G. Blaine, Secretary of State of the United States, the following:

"Her Majesty's Government has learned with deep regret that the British Government have, since 1855, taken any action in Behring Sea directly inflicting wrongful loss on British subjects, and, if so, to assess the damages incurred thereby."

"That in case the arbitrators shall decide in favor of the Government of the United States that Government may ask them to decide further whether the British Government have, since 1855, taken any action in Behring Sea, directly inflicting wrongful loss on the United States or their lessees, and, if so, to assess the damages incurred thereby."

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LYNN LAW IN OHIO.

Joseph's Litter Taken from the Jail at Findlay, Ohio, by a Mob.

Joseph Lytle was taken from the jail at Findlay, Ohio, by a mob and lynched. Lytle evidently anticipated death, for he left a note asking that his body be turned over to his brother, with the request that he be buried beside his mother. As the mob entered the jail Lytle called their attention to the cell in which he was confined, and when the mob was drawn out and thence to the main street bridge. After the first attempt was made to hang Lytle he was dragged by the neck through the street to the fatal hanging pole, and shot from two score revolvers were fired into the lifeless body. The mob is said to have been composed of the best citizens, but was poorly organized and lacking a leader.

The case for which Lytle was lynched was a most brutal one. Lytle was an old soldier whose wife obtained a divorce from him some time ago on the ground of cruelty. He went to the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, but returned Sunday night and tried to get his wife to live with him again, and she permitted him to stay at the house a few days. His grown daughters were bitterly opposed to this move, and this Lytle resented and threatened to kill the girls if his

plans were interfered with. Tuesday night, after a wrangle of this character, the old man went upstairs to bed, but got up about 6 o'clock the following morning and, going to the kitchen, got a hatchet and attacked his daughter, Della, as she came into the room, splitting her head with a blow, and maiming her hand horribly. The eldest daughter, Emma, came to her mother's rescue and met the same fate, being frightfully injured, but is yet alive. The mother, hearing the affray, came into the room, Lytle began cutting her head with his hatchet, inflicting six ghastly wounds, which will prove fatal, although the woman is not yet dead. Lytle has served one term in the penitentiary for inhumanly treating a child. His whole life has been a long story of cruelty to his family and all with whom he came in contact. Mrs. Lytle and her young daughter cannot possibly live until morning, but Emma, the eldest daughter, will possibly survive her fearful injuries. Lytle confessed that he came home from the Soldiers' Home on purpose to kill his daughters.

Bull Race Crow.

Lord Salisbury is the champion pitfighter of the day.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Lord Salisbury has evidently partaken of a dish of American crow.—Cleveland Leader.

Lord Salisbury's last note is nothing more nor less than a British surrender.—Indianapolis Journal.

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1880.

TWELVE YEARS' TRADE.

Has given us the knowledge of the requirements of the people of this section of the State, and we are prepared as never before to show you the most complete stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Ever exhibited in Northern Michigan, at prices which we know will be satisfactory.

Our Spring and Summer Styles

OF

DRY GOODS

Will be on hand in advance of the season, giving ample opportunity for careful selection.

Our Grocery Department,

Boots, Shoes and Clothing,

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Stoves and Ranges,

Crockery and Glassware,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.,

Will be filled with Purest and Best Goods.

HAY, OATS AND FEED, WOOD, COAL AND LUMBER,

EVERYTHING IN LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES.

AT THE

PIONEER STORE

OF

SALLING, HANSON & CO.,

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

M. E. CHURCH—Rev. S. G. Taylor, Pastor. Services at 10:30 o'clock a.m. and 7:45 p.m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. N. J. Geyer, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hour. Sunday-school following morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 353, F. & A. M., meets in regular communication on Thursday evening on or before the full of the moon. F. F. THATCHER, W. M.

W. F. BENKELMAN, Secretary.
MARTIN POST, No. 240, G. O. F., meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month. WM. S. CHALKER, Post Com.

J. C. HANSON, Adjutant.
WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 152, meets on the 2nd and 4th Saturdays at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. ISABEL JONES, President.

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

For particulars as to the plan for pulverizing Russia see small Bill.

In taking leave of his girl a Chicago beau stole \$20 and a kiss. Even the kiss has not been recovered.

Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD is said to have received \$18,000 for her novel "David Greive," which weighs fully that much in pounds avoirdupois.

ENTHUSIASTIC Texans paraded with torches in honor of Jay Gould the other night. This seems to be a case of throwing light on a dark subject.

NEW YORK may have overlooked the fact that if there are really 2,000,000 people in that town the condition of the Grant monument fund is all the more discreditable.

An explorer desirous of eclipsing Columbus in the field of discovery would accomplish that feat if he could discover a single literary person not now engaged in writing a life of Columbus.

WARD MCALLISTER favored the readers of a New York Sunday paper with an article on "How to Get Into Society." If society is what he has described it to be, one would think a more popular article would be one telling how to get out.

THE Methodist ministers in Philadelphia are required to sign an anti-tobacco pledge. The preacher who is denied his after-dinner cigar is liable to make his congregation feel that they are in danger of smoke after passing this vale of tears.

EMIN FASHA has been welcomed back to his province of Equatoria with booming of cannon and such violent hand-shaking that his arm is sore. He had better rally a cohort of his followers and rescue Stanley from the wild Australian audiences with whom he is heroically contending.

"The old peerage," says Lady Somerset, bewailing the decadence of England, "is giving place to the new peerage." It doesn't appear, however, that the services of the old peerage to the people who supported its members in idleness were such as to cause any grieving over its disappearance.

It was reported recently that Foxhall Keene, one of the New York "Four Hundred," had been seriously injured while hunting in Ireland. Mr. Keene denies this. It is true he took a cropper while leaping a five-barred gate and fell in such a way that his horse fell on his head, but the head of a real New York swell is proof against any such little strains as that.

A FIRM of English ship-builders is coming to America, and a New York paper reports that Mr. John D. Rockefeller will become a member of the firm, putting in \$400,000 for his share of the capital. If Mr. Rockefeller contributes such a sum he must be the firm and the other fellows the company. The little dot of \$400,000 would build a very respectable ship yard of itself.

The substitution of aluminum tokens for bank notes of small denominations is suggested by Sir Henry Bossemer. He says that they could be made in a fashion that would set at defiance all the arts of the forger, that the aluminum plate or coin would be agreeable to look at, clean to handle, and so light in proportion to its bulk that it could not be mistaken for silver. The suggestion is made to "the people of England," but whatever its value it would be equally applicable in this country.

If a man ventures much into what passes for cultured society he is hardly seated before some well-equipped individual inquires: Have you read this or that book? The impertinence of this kind of question as a matter of civility is evident, since it either calls upon the person questioned to confess ignorance or else, if he speaks of this species of cultured civility, a writer in Blackwood's Magazine remarks that there are published every year 20,000 standard volumes, all of which are worth reading. In order to be well up in books a man ought, then, to read at least fifty books a day.

THE "ethics," so called, of the medical profession had a curious illustration in the Field case in New York. One expert of high standing in the profession gave a written opinion for which he took \$250—that Field was insane. Subsequently he went into court and testified that he regarded Field as sane; and though it does not appear that he got any special fee for his testimony he probably did, because the profession has practically combined to refuse to testify as experts without being paid as such, and not as ordinary witnesses. This is not as bad, of course, as advertising would be; but it certainly is singular.

THE English people do not like to copy American ideas, but they are compelled to in many things because of the superiority of the American methods. The railways have been slow to see the superiority of the American train, but they are coming to it very gracefully. They have adopted our baggage car and check system, our plan of lighting coaches, and now the Southern Railway

advertises an American train with American built coaches running between London and Hastings. The days of the old compartment cars are numbered, and before many years the people of England will ride like Americans without class distinction and without compartment exclusiveness.

It is reported that all the type foundry in the United States except two have consented to an arrangement for the formation of a gigantic trust, with a capital of \$15,000,000, to control the type-foundry business in this country, and perhaps in a part of Europe. The gentlemen who may have gone into such a scheme with an idea that it can be put through without conflict with the law may be commended to the conviction arrived at by those at the head of the Standard Oil Trust. If the latter are satisfied they cannot hope to operate a trust under the law or outside of it, new hands in the business may well pause a moment for reflection ere they commit themselves to the trust plan of organization. It needs a great deal of courage to rush in where the Rockefeller fear to tread.

In the Nineteenth Century J. N. Lockyer, explains the appearance of the new star in the constellation Auriga as due to the collision of meteor swarms instead of the "two solid bodies" which many astronomical thinkers have supposed to give by their impact the fervent heat necessary to cause the outburst of brilliancy which attracts attention at our immense distance from the nearest of those objects. He says this explanation will also account for the disappearance of those new stars when the high temperature resulting from the collision of those meteor swarms has diminished. It is fair to say that Mr. Lockyer some years ago committed himself to the meteoric hypothesis as explaining pretty much all that we see in the firmament, and nearly all the human eye has seen in the past or will see in the future. Exception has been taken to that theory by some sound thinkers, and they will not necessarily concede without several grains of salt its application to the case in point. Still the explanation is the best yet advanced for this particular instance, and for the reason that it is the first in the field it will command much attention.

The Geographical Society of Paris has issued a bulletin written by M. Jules Marcou, describing the latest researches into the origin of the name "America." It is about seventeen years since that gentleman gave to the world his first noteworthy paper on the subject, and since then he has accumulated other material, all of which he claims points to the conclusion that there is no warrant for the generally received notion that the word is derived from the Christian name of Amerigo Vesputi. He makes the following points: 1. America is the Indian name for the mountains between Juigalpa and Libertad, in the Province of Chontales, which separates Lake Nicaragua from the Mosquito coast. 2. The Christian name of Vesputi is indefinite. In Italy it was Alberico, the same in Spain, and in Latin it is Albericus. It is subject to many variations under different circumstances, as shown in the nomenclature of Italian and Spanish saints. But in neither of them is there any such variation as Amerigo, Amerigo, Amerigo, or Alberico, or none of these is either a diminutive or variation in use in Italy, Spain or France for Alberico or Albert. 3. It is not to be found in any printed document or manuscript, of incontestable authority, dating before 1507, when the name was published by Jean Basin of Dix. Further, there is no doubt that Columbus and Vesputi went along the Mosquito coast at the foot of the Sierra Amerique, and that the name was reported by the officers and men of those expeditions. In 1513 Schoner, the geographer, declared that the name was already popular in Europe. How far the deduction by Marcou is entitled to respect may be difficult to say. But it ought not to be forgotten that the memoir by Vesputi was published at Strasburg in 1507, which was some two years previous to the first of these dates. It may also be of interest to note in this connection that a New England investigator suggests the word America must have been derived from the name of Eric, who came to this country five centuries before Columbus voyaged hither. He thinks the sound was prefixed to the name by the natives as a matter of doubt or hesitation, and the presence of the initial and final a can be accounted for by one person as easily by another.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

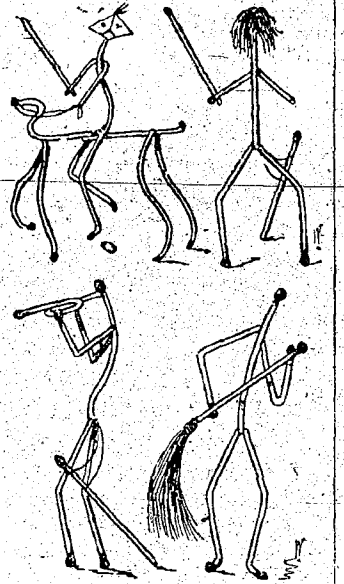
A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Young Members of Every Household—Quaint Anecdotes and Bright Sayings of Cute Children.

Was-Match Puppets. Everybody has seen matches, but few people would suspect that they can readily be turned into material for an evening's recreation.

These matches are white, with black heads, and can be stuck together in almost any position desired by heating the non-phosphorescent end and sticking one match onto another.

Some of the combinations thus obtained are very comical. A good draughtsman with plenty of imagination can shape the matches into any resemblance he pleases. He can make out of them soldiers, men riding



FIGURES MADE WITH WAX MATCHES.

on horseback, gendarmes drawing their sabers, old men tottering on their canes, oarsmen, fencers, mandarins with upraised umbrellas, or a hundred other things.

A few paper hats or bits of ribbon serve to complete the fantastic resemblance, yet caricature of human beings, which will make many a merry laugh ring out in the drawing-room in the long cold evenings of the harsh season.

The Rainbow Little Jackey Found. Jackey Merry was a very little boy and his eyes were as blue as a summer sky.

He had yellow hair that looked as though the sun was shining on it. His little hands were always in mischief, and his feet ran away with him the minute he was outside of the gate.

But he was a very sweet little boy for all that. Jackey's mamma had taken him away from the city, where their home was, to a pretty country place. The houses were not so close together as he was used to seeing them, and there were plenty of trees and green grass to roll and play upon.

The day it was going to tell about was everything Jackey had played with very happily. Jackey had played with everything he could find.

Jackey ran out on the porch, and pretty soon shouted with delight: "O, mamma, I see the rainbow! I see the rainbow!"

After a few minutes, as Jackey did not come into the room, his mamma went to the door to see what mischief he was in.

She did not find him anywhere around, so she stepped outside of the gate. Away down the road she saw a little golden head bobbing up and down as he trotted along.

Mamma put on her hat and walked as quickly as she could in the direction Jackey had taken.

Soon she came to a little stone church, where the doors were wide open.

In the aisle stood Jackey, gazing intently at a broad ray of sunshine, with all the beautiful colors of the stained-glass window reflected in it.

"O, mamma," he whispered softly, "I've found the rainbow, and it comes from up there, where Jesus is blessing the little children," and he pointed to the picture on the window.

"Yes," said mamma, gently, as she led him away.

The rainbow was still one of Jackey's greatest delights, and he always says he "found it in the church, where it came straight down from heaven."

A Little Girl's Account of Sally. We did not come to the Hotel yesterday for our luncheon, but we ate it in the Throne Room of Richard II. The room had a place, where the music players sat, when they played. To-day we are going to the Zoo and Westminster Abbey, so I think I can write quite a good deal.

Here I am again at my journal, to write all I saw to-day. First we went to Westminster to see it, but the minister began to preach, so we could not walk about to see things. The next place was the Zoo, where we saw Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Monkeys, Cats, Parrots, and O so many other animals, so many I could not count them. We fed the elephants. There was a monkey, and her name was Sally, and the keeper showed us her tricks. He gave her an apple to come out of her house.

Then he put another apple into a little piece and a big piece, and he said: "Take the smallest piece, Sally," and she took the smallest piece and ate it. Then he told her to take some soap, and she took up the soap and drank a little bit, then he took it and fed her; then she took the cup and drank it all down. He told her to take up three straws. "Sally, there is one, now go on." And she counted three and gave it to him. Then he said again: "Take up five, Sally," and she counted five straws and gave it to her master. "Take up one straw and stick it through the key-hole, Sally," he said, and she did. "Stick it through the loop-hole, Sally," she said. "Now stick it through my button-hole," said he, and she did. "Then we went to the other monkey, who had his cage write next to Sally's. And when he

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In my first illustration you will find the sketch of a charming little dress for a child of from seven to eleven, a beige woolen stuff being the material used, with a foundation of satinette or alpaca, finished with a pleated flounce of the woolen material at the bottom. The three flounces laid one upon another which make up the skirt are not much pleated. You sew on the two lower ones before you fasten the skirt to the band,

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In my first illustration you will find the sketch of a charming little dress for a child of from seven to eleven, a beige woolen stuff being the material used, with a foundation of satinette or alpaca, finished with a pleated flounce of the woolen material at the bottom. The three flounces laid one upon another which make up the skirt are not much pleated. You sew on the two lower ones before you fasten the skirt to the band,

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The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN

If Great Britain wants to go to war about the seals, Uncle Sam can at least make it too warm for sealskin overcoats.

ELECTRICITY is taking the place of dynamite, and telegraph operators are liable to be regarded with suspicion in Russia hereafter.

WALTER BESANT says there will soon be an outburst of genius in the United States. He must have heard that John L. Sullivan is going to write a book.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS is a pitiful sum to offer an agent for hunting up an American heiress worth \$5,000,000. That Austrian Prince ought to have the decency to add another cipher to the \$2,000.

CHICAGO is the home of genius, shrewdness and enterprise, but there are some mysteries that baffle these attributes. The Windy City offers a big purse and a liberal sidebet to any one who will tell what its Common Council is doing.

The Emperor William may come to the World's Fair. Because it is something entirely different from what has ever been done by a European ruler is no argument with the Emperor of Germany. He cares nothing for precedent. In fact, he likes to snub precedent.

This new fashion that the young men are getting into of proposing to a girl with a pistol at her head, "marriage or death," is not worthy of encouragement. It puts a damper on flirtation. It takes all the sweetness and light (turned down) out of courtship. Of course, it saves time, shoe-leather and fuel, but economy is not all there is in life.

ONCE more the project of crossing the Atlantic in a balloon is to be tried. There is no reason why a man should not risk his life in such foolhardy schemes if it seems to him of no value; but it is supremely ridiculous to claim that there is anything scientific in the matter. The results, either practically or scientifically, may be discounted beforehand as amounting to practically nothing whatever.

HAIR on the face seems to be evidence of independence and manhood in New York. Not long ago one of the fashionable clubs of that city required of all its waiters that they should be clean shaven, as only members should enjoy the adornment of a beard. And only last week a woman refused to live with her husband, and was sustained in her refusal by the courts, because he could not raise a mustache. The world moves.

THINK of the exhaustless treasures of knowledge, from the lips of the ancient sages, walls an exchange, "that the world might now possess if Edison's phonograph had been invented some thousands of years ago!" Think also of the things that we have escaped. Had the phonograph been invented in Balanus's time the voice of the historical animal that rebuked him on a certain memorable occasion might have been handed down to posterity in all its original vigor.

THE New York Legislature is considering a bill for the erection of a woman's reformatory. It is a move in the right direction. New York has an excellent prison reformatory where young men are given a chance to reform after their first offenses, and the good work accomplished there is a condemnation of the old system of sending women prisoners to the penitentiary to be associated with hardened criminals. If men can be reformed, so can women. At least they should have a trial.

EIGHT THOUSAND unknown dead were interred in New York's potter's field last year. This appears to be about the appalling annual average unidentified, and yet we hurry on in life's journey unmindful of the hearts that are yet aching for those unwept, unhallowed, 8,000—every one of whom was surely some mother's darling, some loved one. Eight thousand is a little less than the population of Dunkirk, N. Y. Imagine the total obliteration of that city without a vestige of its past remaining!

THE New York Assembly has passed a bill for the removal of the City Hall in New York City from the old City Hall Park to a point near Central Park. The bill may pass the Senate, but it is hardly probable that the city of New York is ready for such a change. There has been a gradual extension of business up town toward the park, but the time is not ripe for a removal of the City Hall as the municipal center from the downtown district, where are still located the postoffice, the government building, the courts, the newspaper offices, and the great business center.

Do whiskers, then, "add dignity to one's appearance?" From the time of Esau, when Isaac, according to holy writ, described as "a hairy man," and who seems to have been the father of the Pofferian brood of present day, up to this year of grace 1892, whiskers have been the distraction of philosophers, poets, statesmen and warriors. "To shave or not to shave" has been a soliloquy more profound than Hamlet's. However, we believe that public opinion of this

decade is at least united in disapproval of that rank and grizzly growth of hirsute ornamentation with which the breezes love to toy. It is safe to say that the patriarchal beard of the cyclonic variety is no longer regarded with favor.

ACCORDING to census bulletin No. 165 there were 3,715 places in the United States containing 1,000 or more inhabitants each at the time of the enumeration of 1890. There were 354 places containing 10,000 or more inhabitants. These, with a few more places less populous but having postal receipts of \$10,000 a year or more, get free mail delivery under existing law. The Senate bill proposes to extend the delivery service to places where the postal receipts are \$5,000 a year or more, or where the number of inhabitants is 5,000 or more. The number of places having 5,000, and less than 10,000 inhabitants is only 359, so that the Senate bill would only about double the number of places getting the benefit of this service, leaving over 3,000 places with 1,000 or more inhabitants each without the service. The Senate committee is sufficiently conservative. It would be quite safe to take a much longer step toward universal free delivery.

By the death of Max Strakosch, which occurred at the Home for incurables, Fordham, N. Y., the musical world has lost one of the most enterprising and honest of its impresarios. As the successor of Ullmann and Jacob Grau Chicago will well remember him, for, until Col. Mapleson appeared on the field, he catered to its operatic wants and introduced a large number of distinguished artists both in opera and concert. As a manager he was active, honest and reliable, and as faithful to the public when times were depressing as when they were profitable, a quality which is not universal among men of his profession. He was also one of the most sanguine, genial and delightful of men, and his fund of good nature never was exhausted, not even during the last four years of his life, during which he suffered from paralysis. His brother, Maurice, who was a musician and conductor as well as manager and married Amalia Paul, sister of Adeline, died about four years ago in Paris. His nephew, Carl Strakosch, it will be remembered, married Clara Louise Kellogg. He himself, after remaining a bachelor many years, married Miss Nielson, a New York lady, by whom he had four children—two boys and two girls. In the main his ventures were successful, as his engagements were made with eminent artists. It was due to his enterprise that Chicago heard such artists as Brignoli, Campanini, Carl Fornes, Parepa, Luca, Nilsson, Albani and numerous others.

WHAT a year for crops in the northern hemisphere was 1891! Drouths, floods, insect pests, and killing frosts reduced the wheat output by many millions of bushels. Other crops also ran short from the same causes in many countries. The only notable exception to the generally bad conditions of the year was the United States, where the crops in wheat and some other lines were the largest on record. To-day, among the results of the bad season of 1891, are famines in India of considerable extent and severity, in portions of Austria-Hungary of a distressing character, and in Russia of appalling extent and disastrous character. Already there are signs of a repetition in 1892 of the evils that wrought such havoc in 1891. France is suffering from a snowless winter that has frost-killed her uncovered wheat plant over considerable areas. Russia's crop prospects are almost hopeless for the wheat in the country, while in her famine districts, covering nearly a score of provinces, the outlook for spring sowings is bad. Germany and Austria-Hungary report abnormal weather. Venice and Trieste entered March with the unusual infliction of a blanket of snow over two feet deep. Throughout Europe the storms have been violent all winter, and the season resembles last year in all its bad features. At this time the prospect calls for a short crop of winter wheat all over the same countries that were short a year ago, and in the United States there is no prospect of a repetition in 1892 of our enormous crops of 1891. Prophecy is profitless, but it is not easy to see just now the real reason for the present low prices of wheat, and it seems safe to predict that, unless all the conditions everywhere improve at once, and keep on improving until harvest, the value of wheat at the close of 1892 will be a cause of wonder to those who are selling it at current prices now.

Blasting. The intense heat of the electric arc has been tried in Sweden for blasting. A deep hole is drilled in the rock and a Jablochkoff candle is inserted and the current turned on. The intense heat causes the rock to swell at that point, and internal strains crack the whole rock. Holes are best drilled into the solid part, not as in blasting, in the seams and soft places.

On the Lucko Front. Mr. Dear Born—How do you do? Mrs. Tenthisples—You have the advantage of me. Mr. Dear Born—Impossible; I was your fourth husband. Mrs. Tenthisples—Oh, yes, I remember. You are the man I married because you could tell funny stories. Have you heard any new ones lately?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mississippi has a girl's industrial college. Columbus, Ga., has laid the corner-stone of a building to be devoted to the same purpose, and now Alabama is agitating the subject.

SOME RECENT EVENTS.



OTSEGO'S FAIR FORTY.

HOW MICHIGAN WOMEN BUILT A LIBRARY.

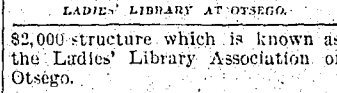
Having Exhausted All Commercial Means, and Being Still in Arrears, They Resort to Schemes Peculiar and Unique and Secure the Amount.

Woman's Way. ACCORDING to Otsego, Mich., correspondence in the Chicago Tribune, the town of Otsego the other night took a step in putting on metropolitan airs. For some time past there have been intimations that Otsego is not the slow-going, every-day town through which travelers pass and forget.

Up to date whatever heights the town has reached is due to the unique energies of the women. The climax of these energies was reached when the forty women who went into schemes a short time ago to raise money to pay for the library building that is just completed met their husbands, sisters, cousins, and neighbors in the town hall and told them how each did her work.

To go back to the beginning. A year ago the women of Otsego concluded to build a library building, where they could go and read or get books to take home. Their husbands and brothers took the newspapers, and were contented with the channel of information. The women of Otsego are credited with being a little more literary in their tastes than the women of any other town of its size. It is said that most of them write for the papers and magazines and paint and sing, while a few of them are linguists.

The town contains 2,000 people. It has two big paper mills, a chair factory, and is 150 miles from Ann Arbor, within an hour's run of Kalamazoo, and about the same distance from Grand Rapids. It has more rich men who do nothing for their town than any two thousand towns in the West. The women moved to the front and raised the money to build a pretty



LADIES' LIBRARY AT OTSEGO.

\$2,000 structure which is known as the Ladies' Library Association of Otsego. The money, or the big end of it, was raised by various methods. There were socials, and dances, and festivals, and concerts, and lawn parties, and church committees, and citizens' committees, and so on until nearly enough was in bank to pay for the little building which is now complete and furnished, but which as yet has not a volume in it. All this was done by the efforts of Otsego women. Of course (?) some of the money was paid by the men folks.

When the last of the furnishings of the L. L. A. were put in the association found that they lacked just \$40 to cancel all obligations. But where were they to get it? They had planned and carried out every scheme known to the ingenuity of the sex.

One day two of the members, unmarried, and out of their teens, were in the store of Mr. Mills, whose wife, by the way, is

President of the Library Association, and they were talking about the arrears of \$40. Mr. Mills has probably heard as much about the Library Association as any man in town, and being of a sunny temperament, he said to the two ladies referred to that he guessed the society would have to raise the residue of money by organizing kissing societies.

One of the ladies asked him how much he would give to every woman who would kiss him for the library fund.

Mills said he would give five cents for each osculation. The offer was not cold before two lips were puckered before him, and he came to time and paid in his nickel.

"Next," responded Miss Maggie Smith, the woman who had been kissed, and her friend advanced with lips aglow, received an impression and a nickel and backed out.

This sort of news travels faster than electric currents. In less than an hour it was all over town.

The man who owns the two paper mills in Otsego is a Mr. Bardeen. He

is one of the millionaires of the place. As soon as he heard what Mills was doing he raised him, with the amendment that Mills was doing it for advertising his store, and that he, Bardeen, would pay 50 cents to every woman who would come to the paper factory and be kissed by him.

The tide was turned from Mills' store Bardeen's factory. Mills put up the cry of "foul" on the ground that Bardeen was a citizen of Kalamazoo, but Bardeen's money overcame the cry. In all probability Bardeen would have soon contributed, as per agreement, the necessary

amount had not a protest come up from Kalamazoo, to which were added several protests from Otsego. Some of the young men of this place saw their sweethearts going to the paper factory, and it is said they informed him that he had better continue his kisses to Kalamazoo society.

Then several of the women of the city came down to business. Mrs. Mills, Mrs. H. L. Miller, Mrs. P. W. Travis, Miss Maggie White, Miss Hattie Mitchell, Mrs. George Easton, Mrs. Alice Creyant, Mrs. C. W. Edsell, Mrs. A. D. Baker, Mrs. C. E. Drew, Mrs. Frank Lindsey, and Miss Mattie Beard said they would be so many of a party of forty to raise \$1 each to pay off the last indebtedness on the building.

Forty Otsego women reported for duty and went to work, and each earned her dollar and the jubilee the other night was for the purpose of giving each one of the forty an opportunity of telling to the audience her experience in making a dollar. Some of these schemes were

unique. Miss Maggie Smith, Secretary of the association and editor of the Otsego Union, bandaged the arm of a young law student who had been stabbed with a pair of shears. She

described her treatment and the effect. Mrs. Mills, wife of the merchant who kissed at 5 cents per kiss, took a mop and step-ladder and washed windows at 20 cents a window.

Mrs. P. W. Travis, Treasurer, and Mrs. H. L. Miller hired a hand organ and stood on the corners, one playing while the other passed the tin cup, the collections ranging from a penny up to ten cents. Their success would have been quicker if the organ had not been one of the "Annie Rooney" vintage.

Miss Hattie Mitchell made her dollar spitting kindling wood. Mrs. George Easton blacked boots. Miss Creyant sold a spring poem to the editor for a dollar. She probably had harder work than any of her sisters. Mrs. Edsell and Mrs. Baker sold shoe strings and doughnuts from house to house, and Miss Beard, dressed as an Irish peasant girl, sold green emblems on the streets on St. Patrick's Day. Miss Smith also went out as a beggar, and Mrs. Drew and Mrs. Lindsey "played the organ," also, on the back streets. Mrs. Miller put the trimmings on a coffin. A bevy of young ladies went around doing odd jobs, one washing a milk wagon in the old-fashioned way, while two others went to the hotel to sew buttons on the clothes of any travelers whose raiment needed anything of the kind. One pulled a splinter out of a commercial drummer's finger, for which he paid \$1.

These experiences were all vividly related by the ladies at an entertainment in the town hall, when all Otsego and many from Kalamazoo and other surrounding towns were present.

The Otsego women have given many valuable pointers to their sisters throughout the country, and it is possible that the church festival oyster may now go into innocuous desuetude, while more unique if not pleasing methods are employed to entice the slippery dime.

TRIUMPH OF ENGINEERING.

Magnificent New Railroad Bridge Over the Pecos River, in Texas.

The great high bridge of the Southern Pacific Railroad over the Pecos River, near Shumla, Texas, is now practically completed, the work yet to be done being the driving of about two thousand rivets. It is the third highest bridge in the world, and is by several feet the highest in the United States, being twenty-six feet higher than the great Kluzza viaduct on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway. The Pecos bridge, or viaduct, is 2,180 feet long and 328 feet above the surface of the stream. It consists of forty-eight spans in all. They are nearly all iron-plate girders, alternately thirty-five feet and sixty-five feet long. In the center of the bridge, immediately above the bed of the river, is a cantilever span 185 feet long. The high structure is supported by towers, which rest upon stone ledges or rock piers. The dimension of the towers at their base is 35 by 100 feet, but they narrow down to 10 by 35 feet at the top.

The lightness of the structure gives it a spider-web appearance, but it is pronounced by practical engineers and railroad men as being one of the most substantial bridges in the country. The flooring is twenty-one feet wide, giving room for a single track and two narrow footways. The bridge was thoroughly tested as the work progressed, and it is claimed the short spans will carry two and a half tons to the lineal foot, and the longer ones two tons to the lineal foot.

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THE GIFT OF \$2,600,000.

John D. Rockefeller and the University of Chicago.

Professor R. Harper, President of the University of Chicago, has been guaranteed \$5,000,000 by wealthy Baptists. Of these John D. Rockefeller has given what most people would regard as his full share, in a magnificent donation of \$2,600,000. The last million was recently delivered.

Mr. Rockefeller is president of the largest corporation in the world, namely, the Standard Oil Trust. He



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

is one of the wealthiest men in the United States, although still young in the years of middle life and a poor man not many years ago. His residence, which is in New York, is under the observation of one of a corps of private policemen every moment of the day and night, to protect him from the attention of "cranks." He is an earnest member of the Baptist denomination, and gives liberally to struggling churches belonging to it.

There is a horse on a farm in South Dakota which has eight feet; otherwise it is perfectly formed in every respect. Not until the fetlock joint is reached in the descent from the shoulder to the foot is there any difference between this horse and any other.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. NEWS OF OUR OWN STATE.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lessons—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

The King in Zion. The lesson for Sunday, April 10, may be found in Psalms 2: 1-12.

INTRODUCTION. A good path for the missionary standing for God among the foreign people and before proud kings. Dr. Pentecost, who writes his notes on the International Lessons this year from the midst of his evangelistic campaign in India, says: "The path is a long one, but it is a path of peace and of the gospel of Jesus Christ among the heathen at this time." We can believe it. And for us who labor in what are called Christian lands there is stimulus and cheer of a needed sort here. It is the Christ peace, and it is his name, and it is his name which we meet in a sign of the King's approach. He is coming just because he must come.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS. Why? Hebrew: For what? i. e., To what end? What is the use? Rags, the word means to hasten tumultuously, as one sees in a disturbed anti-hill. It is rendered came tumultuously in the margin of Dan. 6: 6. Imagine. The same word, it is suggestive to note, translated meditate in Ps. 1: 2. It signifies literally to say over and over. Hence the grumbling, to plot, Douay-Devised. A vain thing. One word in the original, emptiness, vanity. Contrast with the law, which the righteous of Ps. 1: 2, "meditate." The King of the earth set himself, or, take a stand. Used of Goliath against Israel, 1 Sam. 17: 16, but rendered there, presented himself, i. e., in defiance. Douay: Stood up.—Take counsel together. Literally, sit down together, hence to counsel. The language of the way along here is strikingly picturesque.

Alone, first meaning to touch or stroke over, i. e., with oil. Messiah is directly from the Hebrew here. Bands. Referring to God's corrective judgments. Also applied to learning, instruction.—Come. From the root to knit, i. e., cast off connections. N. B., the interrogation begun in the first verse may be supposed to end here; i. e., Why do the heathen rage, why do the kings set themselves, why do the rulers take counsel against the Lord? He sitteth in the heavens. Or, sitting in the heavens he shall laugh, his very vantage-ground provoking laughter.—Laugh. Just as it reads. A mimetic term, the meanings suggested in the sound (chuckling) being in derision. One word in the Hebrew: To mock or ridicule. The seer's way of representing the utter absurdity of rebellion against God.

Probably, i. e., with words (Hebrew). Speak; to be understood of the prophetic voices in warning. Yet Hebrew: To make hot, to try. "I have chosen (tried) thee in the furnace of affliction." Isa. 48: 10. This, in its turn, to be referred probably to God's punitive and corrective providences.

Yet. Not in the Hebrew, simply and. Set, or appointed. From the verb to pour out. The reading of the Douay, "But I am appointed king," agrees well with Prov. 8: 23 ("I was set up from everlasting") and is conveniently rhetorical in the common acceptance; but there is one little vowel point in the way of its grammatical correctness.

I will declare, or tell. Like making one's testimony. The decree. Hebrew: For, or in the decree. Literally, what is set in or given. Then art my son. Hebrew order: My son art thou.

Ask. Literally, pull out, or draw forth. Hence, to demand, or require. Strangely rendered borrowed at Ex. 3: 22, and lent at Sam. 1: 28 (see also margin). In this latter case it is the Hithpaal, or reflexive use.—Inheritance. Another meaning is estate, lot, Possession. From the root to seize, or hold fast. Hence, a holding, property.

Dash them in pieces. The strongest word for demolition, used of a scattered people at Jer. 31: 22, passing. The disintegrating aspect of Christianity. Be wise. From the verb to look at. Here referring to prudence.—Be instructed. The root meaning in this word is to tame. Hence, to correct, to admonish.

Believe. Literally to dance, or circle, as in a religious ecstasy; also to worship. Kiss the son. A rare word for son, occurring elsewhere in the Bible only at Prov. 31: 2. The Douay has a peculiar but genuine characteristic rendering: henceforth, obediently, understanding the word son to be from the root clean.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. Yet have I set my King. And right there he sets his faith. I do not see the nations bending, the banners of God are not yet adored upon the altars of the earth, but I hear God's voice: "I have set (appointed) my King." There! I want no more for faith. If God says it, it will surely come to pass; it is come to pass; and you and I will be brought ere long to see it in that concrete we too, on battle on, in the name of our God setting up banners. And every step means victory, asserts victory. "In this world ye shall meet with tribulation, but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world." So go forward trusting and rejoicing in finished work. "Let us hold fast the profession (assertion) of our faith (Greek hope) without wavering; for he is faithful that promised."

Thou art my son; this day I have begotten thee.—Ask of me, and I will only sons can ask. If children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. There is only one way in which I can pray aright and effectively. It is in the name and, one may say, in the person of Christ. He is the only begotten of the Father, and as such is "full of grace and truth." And He alone, can ask what He will. Ask, ye, demand, lay claim. That is the meaning of the original; and it is significant that it is this same word that is incorrectly rendered borrowed of the Israelites going out of Egypt. They made their demands, and they were honored. And now that privilege is ours, but only through Christ. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." It is still sons asking. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings. It is an appeal to common sense. In such an issue as this it is the part of wisdom to be reconciled with God. What do you mean, O man, to be railing out against him that sitteth in the heavens? Will sailors mutiny with the hatches closed above them? Will men shake his clenched but puny hand at him who holds the winds in his fists? You mean to be reconciled with God. You mean to be reconciled with God. You mean to be reconciled with God. You mean to be reconciled with God.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANDERS.

Got Drunk, Was Robbed, and Turned to Death—No Diphtheria at Agricultural College—The Pretty Pontiac Maiden and the Pig.

From Far and Near. CHARLES E. HARRISON, of Grant, Huron County, was stricken with paralysis and died. He was born in England about the year 1807.

JAMES BUTLER, the burglar, who escaped from the prison at Jackson, has been captured at Windsor, Ont., and is now in jail awaiting extradition.

A FLOCK of wild geese was gleaming in the corn stubble at Pinckney, Livingston County, for over a week, but a goose never goes into camp without throwing out pickets, and no one could crawl within gun distance of them.

AND now it is the superintendent of the Otsego County Jail, who is accused by one of the female inmates, and an investigation is to be made. The investigation at the Calhoun and Mecosta County houses showed that the charges were trumped up.

EDWARD BALDWIN, of Harrisville, was recently convicted of killing a deer out of season, and Justice Beech fined him \$50, in default to go to jail for thirty days. Baldwin's money considered, the fine was remitted, but he was appealed to the Justice to reduce it. The Justice held that he had no power to do so, and the Attorney General has now confirmed his judgment.

WM. PRATT, living a mile and a half west of Bentley postoffice, was in Bentley on business, and when he bought a bottle of whiskey he returned home to meet two men who helped him drink it. He became drunk and did not awake until his clothes began burning. Passersby came to his rescue. Pratt says the men robbed him of \$10 and then set fire to his house, he feared his injuries will result fatally.

At Pontiac, Miss Belle Stroud, 13-year-old daughter of the proprietor of the American House, was in Ed Stevens' meat market making purchases for the hotel, and when she returned about 6 p. m. she found a 130-pound porker that was hanging from the hook. One word led to another, and finally Stevens told her that she could have the pig if she could carry it home; whereupon she lifted it from the hook, swung it up to her shoulder and in a trice it was at the American House.

THE rumor having prevailed that there was an outbreak of diphtheria at the Agricultural College, Secretary Reynolds is out in an official statement to the effect that the only fact upon which it could be based was that a young man who occupied the room in which there were two cases of diphtheria last term is afflicted with sore throat, and although the room had been vigorously fumigated according to the most stringent rules of the State Board of Health, he has been kept under quarantine. Although there is no outbreak of diphtheria, it was deemed safer to take the precaution under the circumstances.

THE residents of Presque Isle County despair of ever bringing the alleged perpetrators of the famous Molitor murder at Rogers City to justice unless the State intervenes. Mr. W. W. Wines, a petition signed by but one of the ten members of the Board of Supervisors asking him to instruct the Attorney General to prosecute these cases. The petitioners say that the cases have already been twice continued at great expense, the prosecuting Attorney is a confirmed drunkard, and that the defendants and their attorneys rely upon keeping him in office, boldly asserting that as long as he continues to be prosecutor nothing will be done in the matter. The Governor has not yet announced his decision.

MONDAY morning, Abraham Cooley, a well-to-do farmer, aged 62 years, living one mile north of Richmond, murdered his wife in cold blood and then finished his horrible work by committing suicide. Mrs. Cooley was his second wife, and had been married about a year. She had been in Chicago, and one is supposed to be in Texas. They are children by her first husband, and she had a daughter, 10 years old, by her second husband, from whom she had been divorced, she having been married three times in all. Mr. Cooley had five grown sons. The motive which prompted this terrible deed can be best judged from a paper in Cooley's pocket, which appeared to have just been written. It read as follows: "The end of my life is now near. I hope God will forgive me. I have robbed me of my happiness, and is now going to rob the family, because the law allows a woman to do as they please, and for other reasons not becoming of a woman. I told Mr. Wicks that he must look after my money, he let her have, as I would not be responsible for it. The paper is in the little box in the tool chest. Mr. Acker, please pay those checks to Frank and he can settle with the rest of the boys. Sell the farm to my son and he can pay the rest of the money to my family. Don't bury Lib on my lot. Search her boxes and take what belongs to me."

WILLIAM BUSH, of Chippewa Township, went down to Mt. Pleasant and assaulted a beefsteak. While endeavoring to masticate a section of it he laughed, and it slipped down into his windpipe and lodged there. Three doctors were called in, and they unanimously agreed that Bush must die. He had been unconscious two hours when young Dr. Getchell came in, grabbed Bush by the feet, got up into a chair and coughed him up and down. Soon the man was dislodged, and Mr. Bush went back to Chippewa declaring that Getchell is the greatest doctor in the world.

AUGUST MORRISON, a Chicago and Grand Trunk switchman, while switching some cars in the Flint and Pere Marquette yard at the Grand Trunk Junction, near Port Huron, accidentally stepped into a cattle guard. In trying to extricate himself he got his arm under the wheels and it was terribly mangled.

From some days past Frank Stein, the murderer of Patrick Carey, has been cheerful. Sheriff O'Connor, of Menominee, became suspicious and commenced watching him. At 3 o'clock the other morning he surprised Stein in the act of cutting a hole in the iron floor of his cell with a file and case-knife notched to form a saw.

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The figure is a map of the northern Adriatic coastline, specifically the area from Trieste in Italy to Ancona in Italy. The coastline is shown with various bays and islands. Sampling stations are indicated by numbered dots (1-15) along the coast. A scale bar at the bottom right shows a distance of 100 km. An inset map in the top right corner shows the broader context of the Adriatic Sea, with labels for Italy, Slovenia, and Croatia, and a red box indicating the study area's location.

Republicans are right in believing they can make 1892 a year of victory. The nation has seen the free traders and the "cheap" money fanatics in control of one branch of Congress; and the exhibition is enough to insure another four years of Republican rule.—*N. Y. Press*.

David Ward owns a big coal and tract in West Virginia and will enter that region next month to see about building a railroad. -Ee.

O. PALMER, Grayling, Mich

The Local Elections.			FREDERIC:
A fine spring shower Monday morning cleared the atmosphere, and the contending parties came up smiling. The day was very quiet, but a world of earnest work was done. Every body concedes the method of voting, under the new law, to be an improvement. We give the result below, in this county.			Supervisor— Charles Barber 27 Wm. J. Lewis 83
GRAYING:			Clerk— Orlando Hicks 27 James Smith 33
For Supervisor—	Maj.		Treasurer— Charles J. Kelly 30 E. H. Dean 28
John P. Haug 196	5		Highway Commissioner— L. McLoenal 25 J. Karnes 33
Archer C. Babbitt 131			Justice of the Peace— Wm. Dundash 35 John J. Hagerty 22
Township Clerk—			MAPLE FOREST:
Melvin C. Bates 147	26		The following ticket was elected with no opposition. For Supervisor, Benjamin F. Sherman; Treasurer, Archibald House; Clerk, William H. Sherman; Commissioner, George House; School Inspector, George F. Owen; Justice of peace full term, Neil Patton; Justice of peace to fill vacancy, Eli Forbush; Member of Board of Review, 2 years Jeremiah Sherman; Member of Board of Review, 1 year, John Coventry; Constables, Conrad House, John Hayes, James Campbell, Henry Knibbs
Arthur R. Marvin 121			GROVE.
Treasurer—			The Union Ticket was elected, Geo Fauble, Supervisor; Leon J. Stephen Clerk; and Arthur E. Wakeley, Treasurer.
John Staley 144	22		SOUTH BRANCH.
William O. Braden 122			The entire democratic ticket was elected, Perry W. Richardson, Supervisor; Chester Leline, Clerk; John Leline Treasurer.
Highway Commissioner—			BRAVER CRICK.
Richard D. Conine 146	26		Dat one ticket in the field, John Hanna, Supervisor; Jasper Annis Clerk and T. E. Hastings, Treasurer
Peter Brown 120			BLAIRS.
Justice of the Peace (term)—			J. J. Neiderer was elected Supervisor; or Land L. Strutzenburger, Clerk; with the entire democratic ticket, by the grace of Thos. Toohy's camp.
Robert McElroy 155			
No opposition.			
Justice of the Peace (vacancy)—			
Daniel S. Waldron 141	13		
Wright Havens 128			
School Inspector—			
David B. Conner 137	11		
Lucien Fournier 126			
Member of Board of Review (2 yrs.)			
Reuben P. Forbes 116	29		
William McCullough 117			
Member of Board of Review (1 yr.)			
Perry Munwarren 146	24		
Perry Ostrander 122			
Constables—			
Charles Shellenbarger 133	1		
Henry W. Hill 132			
Alec J. Rose 136	10		
Peter B. Johnson 128			
John E. Wilcox 139	14		
Joseph C. Barton 125			
Peter Jensen 141	17		
Frank J. Whipple 124			
Money Tax for Highways,	Yes 39	10	
" " " "	No 20		
Overseer of Highways—			
District No. 1	Heury W. Hill		
" " 3	Chas. Shellenbarger		
" " 4	John Candall		
" " 4	Chas. Frantz		

A Cheap House and desirable Lot on Cedar Street.
The vacant lot on corner of Cedar and Ottawa Streets.
Two vacant lots on Peninsular Avenue. Very desirable.
Two lots corner of Ottawa and Maple Streets.
Several choice lots on Brink's addition.
GOOD HOUSE, TWO LOTS, BARN, FINE SHRUBBERY, etc., corner
Peninsular Avenue and Ogemaaw Street. Cheap.
A number of good farms.
Six Houses and Lots in Jonesville.
Fine Brick Store in Hudson.
Any of the above property will be sold on terms to suit purchasers, or exchanged for other property.

WILL be found at all times a full line of CLOTH and WOOD CASKETS and BURIAL CASES; Ladies', Gents' and Childrens' ROBES. A good HEARS will be sent to any part of the country FREE. Especial attention given embalming or preserving corpse.

—0—

S. D. ELAYOOD, President.

... ..

H. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

ON A FAST MAIL TRAIN.

DATA CLEANED IN AN EXCITING NIGHT RIDE.

Kansas City Reached from St. Louis in Seven and One-Half Hours—Twelve Tons of Mail Handled—How the Men Work and How They Are Paid.

An Unusual System.

A flight with the fast mail from St. Louis to Kansas City was taken by a reporter for the *St. Louis Democrat* the other morning. The fast mail line from St. Louis to Kansas City is one of the most important lines in the service, and the reporter had an excellent opportunity of witnessing the enormous work attendant upon the delivery of the tons of mail that go over the lines each night. The clerks who go out with the fast mail to Kansas City go to their train at 8:30 p. m., seven hours before the fast mail starts. On reaching the train their work commences. It ends at 11:30 the next morning. No eight-hour day for the postal clerk.

When the start was made at 8 o'clock the crew was almost half of beneath the avalanche of sacks and mail parcels that had been loaded into the car. The cars were very long, each being about sixty feet. Each car was covered with racks and cases that barely room for the clerks remained. Then car was abundantly lighted from overhead lamps and heated by a water heater in the first car. Except wash-rooms the cars had no conveniences. No chairs were there, and the clerks would not have found time to use them if they had been there. The boys all carry blankets and quilts with them, and should they happen to finish their work before the run is completed, they throw their blankets over a pile of mail bags and doze off until Kansas City is reached. This luxury, however, is seldom offered them on the west-bound trip.

The work is all done in the two front cars, the rear car being loaded with through mail. Most of the sacks and pouches in this car had been "worked up" by States on Eastern routes and, as they were for the far West, they were not to be opened until nearer their destination.

DISTRIBUTION OF LETTERS.

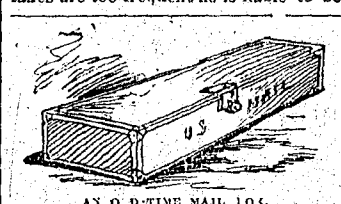
The second car is devoted to the distribution of letters and Missouri papers. The rear half of the car is filled with cases for the distribution of letters. These cases look very much like postoffice boxes, and contain about 2,000 pigeon-holes. Each pigeon-hole represents a town or a postal route. The method employed in assorting the letters may be easily explained. In Missouri there are 114 counties. At the office of Superintendent Lindsay is a "scheme" of the States in his division. The scheme for the State of Missouri shows where the mail for each county should be sent, with all exceptions noted. The clerks on the fast mail that morning were supposed to know the schemes of Missouri, with 114 counties; Kansas, with 104 counties; Colorado, 74 counties; Arkansas, 74 counties; Nebraska, 90 counties; Illinois, Kentucky and Indiana, 100 counties; and Ohio, 88 counties. The clerks must know, in addition to Missouri, the schemes for the States of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio, and must have a general knowledge of several adjoining States. As the schemes do not give all the towns in the counties of the various States, postal clerks are required to commit to memory the names of the towns and the routes they are in. The enormity of this task can be conceived when it is known that there are about 5,000 postoffices in Missouri, 1,800 in Kansas, 700 in Colorado, 1,350 in Nebraska, and from 5,000 to 6,000 each in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio adjoining States. When the letters are tied up a facing slip is put on each package. On the slip is put the destination of the package and the name of the clerk who assorted it, together with the name of his office and the date.

Papers are thrown according to the same schemes as the letters, and similar facing slips are used. The cases are larger, one clerk having a row of boxes 5 or 6 feet above his distributing table, and from 30 to 40 feet in length. Great dexterity is required by the postal clerks in throwing into these boxes. Papers are distributed with wonderful rapidity, and a mistake is seldom made. It is said that a St. Louis paper clerk attended a party recently and played a "bean-bag" winning three prizes before the other players learned that his business had made him an expert in more difficult

throwing than that required in playing the game of "bean-bag."

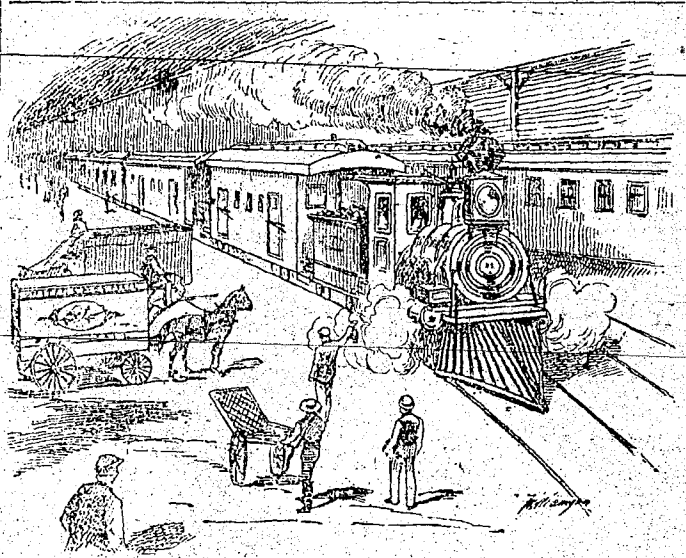
The facing slips, in addition to furnishing the addresses of packages, are used for the purpose of "checking" errors against the clerks. If any mistake is found in a package, the fact is noted on the back of the slip, which is returned to the division office, and there filed against the offender. In this way an exact account of a clerk's errors is kept, and the greater the number the greater

the discredit. It is therefore a great deal of an object for a clerk to exercise much care in his work, for when his mistakes are too frequent he is liable to be



reduced in the ranks, if not discharged altogether.

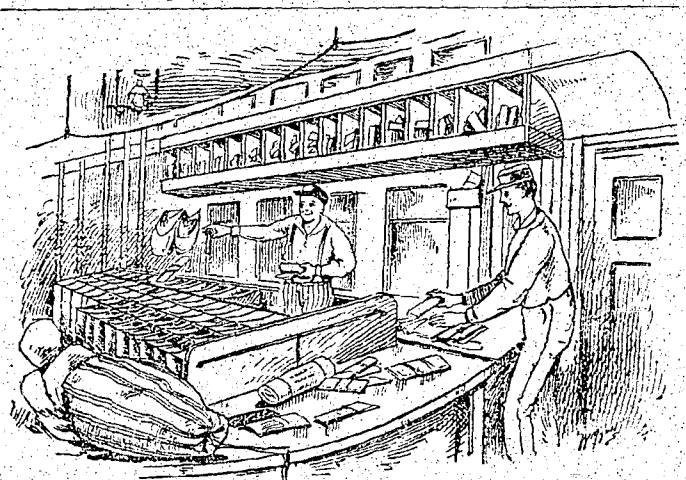
On the fast mail the paper clerks exercise great care in the distribution of



daily papers, because of a fine imposed on each error. If the paper clerk hands a bundle of dailies wrong, the fact is, of course, reported on his check by the clerk receiving the wrongly thrown package. The clerk making the wrong throw is then charged as the publisher's price with the papers delivered by being wrongly thrown. During the past month the paper clerks on the fast mail were so accurate that not a cent was collected from them. For the preceding month forty cents was collected. This illustrates better than anything else the accuracy that has been acquired in the postal service.

In distributing letters errors are bound to occur, although the number is very small, considering the large quantities of letters handled by the clerks. Letters frequently stick together, causing errors to be made. The similarity of the names of towns also causes many errors in the distribution of both letters and papers. With poor light, tired eyes, and much work before him, a postal clerk can hardly be blamed for throwing a badly addressed letter for Holton, Kan., to Horton, Kan., or a paper for Leona, Kan., to Lenora, Kan. To avoid mistakes of this kind, every letter which leaves the country on the fast mail is addressed, unless the town to which the letter is going is a large one.

Appointments to clerkships in the postal service are made through the Civil Service Commission. To test fitness the service applicants for appointments are examined by local Civil Service Boards appointed by the commission. The examinations are held twice a year in each State, and the applicants are examined in the following subjects: Orthography, copying, penmanship, arithmetic, letter writing, the geography of the United States, and especially of the State or railway mail division in which the applicant resides, and in the railway systems of the State



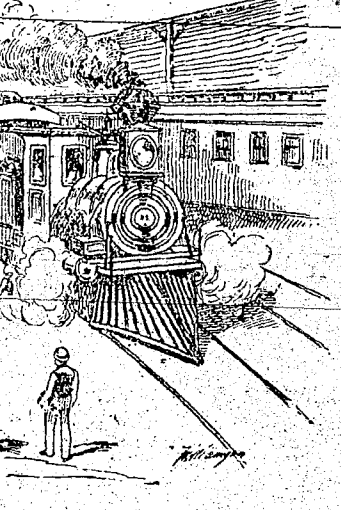
or Division. Applicants must be not less than 18 nor more than 35 years of age. Any clerk who moves from one office to another is not reinstated. New appointees are given a probationary term of six months, with pay at the rate of \$800 per annum, except in cases where the run is a small one and the average miles run per day less than eighty. Then the pay is at the rate of \$10 per mile. For example, if a branch line is seventy-two miles long and trains meet at an intermediate point, so that two clerks are needed to man the line, the pay of each would be \$720 per annum. When the probationary term expires, if a satisfactory record and proper progress are made, a permanent appointment is made and the pay increased to the \$900-per-annum rate, and later on to \$1,000, if placed in the class running an average of 100 miles or over per day. On the heavy lines each postal car contains several clerks who get from \$900 to \$1,300, the man getting the highest pay being the clerk in charge. The men advance from class to class in numerical order, the promotions being based upon their records as shown by the facing slips already spoken of.

A good postal clerk must have the physical ability to stand the fatigue of from twelve to sixteen hours a day of continuous work, and also have the mental ability to learn, retain, and have at command a vast quantity of information. He may be unaccustomed to manual labor, of course, of sedentary habits, but he must have the stamina, may have cultivated his mind at the expense of his body, and, therefore, be unable to endure the hardships incident to a business requiring continuous physical and mental labor and strong muscular exertion. But no matter how well equipped a man may be for this service in every other respect, he cannot hope to obtain the maximum of usefulness unless he is gifted with an excellent memory and cultivates it persistently. Every clerk gets a "lay-out" not for rest but for study and examination. On the St. Louis and Kansas City fast mail the clerks made two round trips in succession, taking four days of almost continuous work, and then he of

four days. While off they put in the time resting and studying. New post-offices are continually being established and the postal clerk must keep up to date. The railroads are constantly changing the schedules of their trains, and every change involves a change on the postal clerk's "scheme," which he must work and commit to memory.

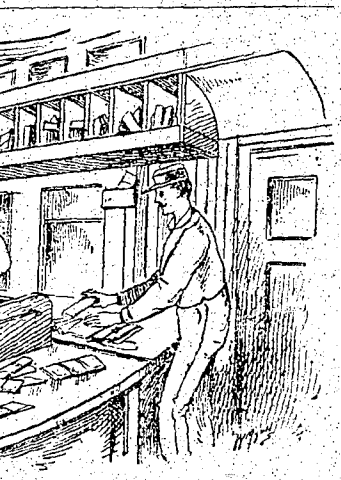
The postal clerk must keep whole volumes in his hand, and knows that forgetfulness is charged up against him every time. He cannot plead, as other brain-workers sometimes do, that his brain didn't work right. He must remember, and remember instantly, with a precision that is required in no other business.

Then there is the matter of honesty. Temptation is on every side. Letters containing "cash" go through his hands

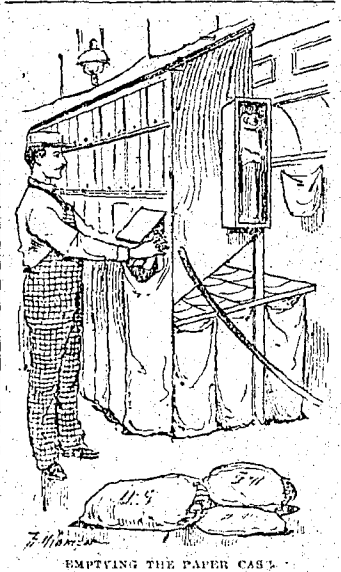


every day. His sense of touch becomes so delicate that he can detect money in a letter every time. Magazines that he would like to read are before him, but not for him. A thousand other snarls are in his way. His pay is small. Should he become dishonest a few "bricks" will land him in the penitentiary. To the credit of the 6,000 postal clerks on duty for Uncle Sam, let it be said that that worthy is seldom obliged to put his legal finger on one of them. Danger is also always in front of the postal clerk, for the clerk follows the engine. In a smash-up the postal car is the first to be wrecked. Thirteen postal clerks have been killed this year and many others injured. Postal cars are so crowded that, in case of accidents, the clerks cannot escape. Everything considered, the life of the clerk is not an enjoyable one.

But the train has been rushing on and has now reached its first stopping place, Pacific. A pouch of letters and three or four bags of paper were put off and several sacks of mail taken on. The stop consumed four or five minutes of time. Then the train rushed on again. Mail was delivered at the stations of Washington and Hermann, but none taken on. The next stop was made at Chamois, about 100 miles out of St. Louis. Here a large basket of hot lunch was handed into the letter car, and the clerks from the other cars came in to assist in disposing of it. As the boys crowded around the basket the clerk in charge noticed that one of the boys was not present. "Where's Jim?" he asked. "Sick," was the reply. The reporter was also suffering with sea-sickness and was unable to do justice to the lunch. "Sick" indeed! The clerk in charge noticed that one of the boys was not present. "Where's Jim?" he asked. "Sick," was the reply. The reporter was also suffering with sea-sickness and was unable to do justice to the lunch. "Sick" indeed! The clerk in charge noticed that one of the boys was not present. "Where's Jim?" he asked. "Sick," was the reply. The reporter was also suffering with sea-sickness and was unable to do justice to the lunch. "Sick" indeed!



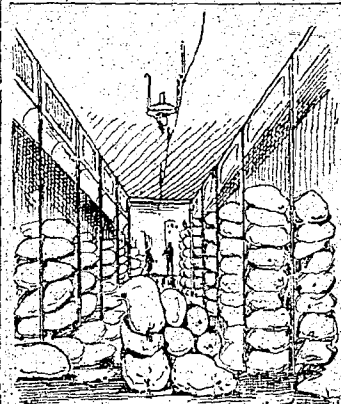
stantly swayed from side to side, and as the clerks are on their feet they receive the full effects of a bump and jolt. Sacks of papers were thrown off at Dauphin, Osage City and Jefferson City, no mail being taken on at either station. At Jefferson City the sacks of mail have to be thrown off with great care. The track makes a sharp curve at the depot, and as the train rushes along the pouches will be drawn under the wheels unless thrown off at exactly the right spot. It looked as if the bags of mail were thrown from the air before the station was reached, and struck the



ground after the station had been passed. This was not the fact, however. The sacks strike exactly in the center of the depot platform on a spot that has been worn almost through by having mail thrown upon it. So expert have the clerks become in striking this spot that but an inch of mail has been drawn under the wheels during the past year. The next stop was at Sedalia. Here another engine was coupled on, and a breathing spell taken by the train crew. The postal clerks did not rest at Sedalia, however, but busied themselves in putting off about one-third of the sacks that were in the storage car. The sacks contained mail for Texas, parts of Missouri and Kansas and other States. They were put off at Sedalia to catch the south-bound Missouri, Kansas and Texas train, which leaves that city at 9:15 a. m., about two hours after the arrival of the fast mail. Several large sacks of newspaper mail were put off at this point for Texas. Several pouches of letter mail for Mexico were also dropped at Sedalia. After leaving Sedalia the train did not again stop until it reached Pleasant Hill. At this station large quantities of mail for Southwest Missouri were put off. This stop occupied but three minutes, and then the train rushed, not stopping again until Kansas City was reached. At each station after leaving Jefferson City mail was taken on by means of the catcher. The bag to be taken on is suspended on a crane at the side of the track. As the train approaches the station the engineer whistles and the catcher springs to the front of the train. He has a long pole with a hook at the end, and he grabs the device for catching the pouch from the crane, while in the other hand he holds the pouch to be dropped at the station. Before you know what has happened the exchange of mail has been made. Long practice is required before the catcher can be properly worked. Pouches are frequently missed when the clerk is not to blame. If the car should sway the least bit in passing the crane, the catcher falls or does its work and the pouch is missed.

And now the train is reaching Kansas City. Seven stops have been made. Three were for water, three were on account of junctions, and one at Sedalia to change engines and connect with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas. As the train nears Kansas City the clerks work all the harder. The pigeon-holes are emptied, and each package of letters tied up and thrown to its proper sack. In the paper car the clerks have been working with might and main. Their run had been very heavy, and it had pushed them to get through. They had handled several tons of papers, periodicals and circulars, and were now engaged in tying up the 200 sacks that the "pudding" had been sorted into. And now the boys are cleaning up. They have been on duty about fourteen hours, and have been working as hard as they could for about nine hours. At 10:30 p. m. the train was at the depot, and the clerks were about to leave. The old clerks had been discarded and the dust of travel obliterated. Dinner was eaten, and at 1 o'clock each man went to bed in order to rest up a little for the return trip. At 6 o'clock the men were obliged to get up, go to their cars and commence getting ready for the trip back to St. Louis. But the clerk in charge of the paper car was not to be disturbed. He was to stay on duty until 8 o'clock, and he was to make things decidedly interesting until after Sedalia had been passed. Then part of the crew spread out their blankets on the floor of the car and went to bed. The clerk in charge of the paper car was not to be disturbed. He was to stay on duty until 8 o'clock, and he was to make things decidedly interesting until after Sedalia had been passed. Then part of the crew spread out their blankets on the floor of the car and went to bed. The clerk in charge of the paper car was not to be disturbed. He was to stay on duty until 8 o'clock, and he was to make things decidedly interesting until after Sedalia had been passed. Then part of the crew spread out their blankets on the floor of the car and went to bed.

The Railway Mail Service is peculiarly an institution of the United States. The first idea of the distribution of mail on board trains while they were in transit originated with a postoffice clerk at St. Joseph in 1862. There was then a distributing postoffice for the West. Mail was made up there for different towns and sent out in boxes. In 1864 the suggestion of the St. Joseph man had been working such an extent that the postal service was established between Chicago, Ill., and Clinton, Iowa. Improvements were made, a system established. A germ in 1864, it has become a giant. It challenges the admiration of business men, the model postal service of the world.



Napoleons of Finance.
One day Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, in a tramp through Cornwall, came to a little village in which a tea meeting was going on. Mr. Pearse entered the little chapel and joined in the tea. He was in the most unclerical of costumes, which was an act of sense on his part, but during the process of tea one of two of the "leaders" managed to recognize him. Whereupon one of them approached him and said, in anxious whisper: "Is you Mr. Mark Guy Pearse?" "Yes," he answered. "I thought as how you was. Now, do you see, we want to raise a little money; and a thought have struck us. Now, do you see just come out quiet, like and say nothing to nobody, and then we will put 'ee in the vestry and we will go into the chapel and say: 'Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, author of 'Daniel Quorn,' is in the vestry, and can be seen at threepence each. The proceeds to go for the good of the cause.'"

Measurements.
All early measurements were of a rude and simple kind, and in our modern standards we have abundant evidence of the fact, as well as in some ancient ones. The "cubit," for instance, was the measure of a man's hand and arm from the tip of his middle finger to his elbow. The fathom was the height of a tall man the palm, a measure of about three inches, was the width of his hand; and the "span," about eight inches, was what he could stretch his hand over.

"NO ONE WOULD KNOW."

So Thought a Young Girl Who Wanted to Know if Her Boy Was in the Army.

Mary Standish had been for two years "out" in society in Crumbridge, and had not yet had an admirer. She was a very quiet, modest girl, but she was secretly chagrined at this fact, especially as the other girls commented on it, and wondered in their vernacular why she did not, with her good looks, "catch a beau."

Lucy Smith had been engaged twice. Floy Jackson was flirting with the young doctor, the druggist and two railway clerks.

"You are too prim!" they told Mary. "The men are afraid of you. They won't even call. You must try and catch one this winter. Have some fun in your life."

"You are not a husband-hunter," her mother said, indignantly. "You must be sought, not seek. Remain your modest self. You want happiness in your life, not vulgar fun."

Soon after this Mr. Appleton, the new minister, called once or twice. Her mother saw that he was attracted by Mary's gentle manner, but said nothing.

About this time Mary went alone to visit a friend in Chicago. It was a long journey; she grew tired of reading; she knew no one on the car. A handsome young man, a brakeman, passed her once or twice, giving her admiring glances. Her cheeks flushed.

"Why should not I have a flirtation with him—just a little fun?" she thought. "Nobody knows me here. I'll do it!"

He passed down the car again, with the same bold, admiring gaze.

Mary glanced up shyly. "Can you tell me the time?" she said. He pulled out his watch, and with a confident smile dropped into the vacant seat beside her and began to talk familiarly. The young woman was ready for a flirtation. So was he.

Mary's face reddened angrily.

And yet—this was "fun," such as the girls had it had, the zest of adventure. She would leave the car soon, and no human being ever would know.

The other passengers, who had observed the modest, refined girl, looked with surprise at her familiar coquetry with this coarse fellow. When the brakeman went out to attend to his work, a man sitting near her, who had been drinking heavily, leaned over and said:

"I'll take that seat and make myself agreeable while he's gone."

Mary drew herself up indignantly, her heart throbbing with terror.

"He laughed loudly. 'Sho, now! You know me as well as you do that fellow!'"

But the brakeman had returned, and dropped into the seat again with a laugh. "He's jealous of my chance with such a pretty girl as you!" he said, throwing his arm over the back of the seat.

Mary glanced around. The passengers averted their eyes from her with unconcealed disgust.

"You ain't gettin' tired of me, are you?" asked the brakeman.

"Oh, no," she said, trying to laugh. "Was this not the fun?" she had longed for? The man's look of admiration seemed to burn into her face.

"Miss Standish!" said a voice behind her.

She turned. It was Mr. Appleton; he was looking at her in amazement. She had met him but twice, and yet it seemed to her this was the one human being for whose good opinion she cared.

The brakeman rose. "Guess I'm cut out. 'Tata!'"

The drunken man laughed jeeringly.

Mr. Appleton did not take the vacant seat. He stood beside her gravely until the train rolled into the station, called a cab, placed her in it, and bade her good-by.

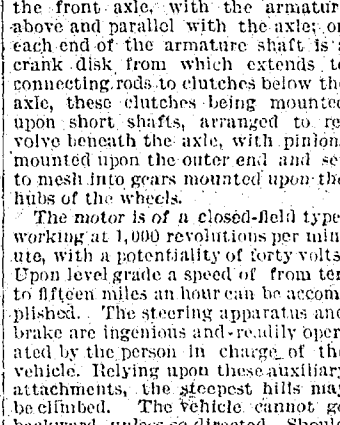
Several months afterward her mother said, "Mr. Appleton seemed to like to visit here when he first came. He never calls now. I wonder why?"

Mary did not answer. She knew. She had chosen her "fun," and was now paying the price.—Youth's Companion.

HORSES NOT NEEDED.

A Boston Man Has Invented a Novel Thing in the Buggy Line.

There will soon be exhibited in the streets of Boston an electric carriage which is decidedly novel and useful. The vehicle, which is illustrated



herewith, is a Boston production. The motor is mounted centrally on the front axle, with the armature above and parallel with the axle; on each end of the armature shaft is a crank disk from which extends to connecting rods to clutches below the axle, these clutches being mounted upon short shafts, arranged to revolve beneath the axle, with pinions mounted upon the outer end and set to mesh into gears mounted upon the hubs of the wheels.

The motor is of a closed-field type, working at 1,000 revolutions per minute, with a potentiality of forty volts. Upon level grade a speed of from ten to fifteen miles an hour can be accomplished. The steering apparatus and brake are ingenious and really operated by the person in charge of the vehicle. Relying upon these auxiliary attachments, the steepest hills may be climbed. The vehicle cannot go backward, unless so directed. Should the motor fail to act, a connection break, or an accident of any kind occur—the carriage will stop (and this irrespective of the brake).

Incidentally it may be mentioned that the storage cells with which the carriage is fitted also furnish light and heat, if requisite, at but slight increase in cost of running.

This Believing Sea controversy is getting old enough to know better.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESIDENT DAY.

Some Crooked People I Have Met and Overcome.

I happened into the office of a large factory one day to see a friend, and during the call I met the proprietor and asked him how business was.

"I'm about discouraged," he replied. "But you seem to be very busy filling orders."

"So I am, but for some reason I can't make any money. It seems as if the more we did the less profit we made."

On the desk before him was a bill he had marked "O. K." It was for stuff purchased—lumber, paint and oil. Without meaning to do so I glanced at the items, and footed up the column of figures. It stood as follows:

Dr. to
6 kegs paint, at \$1.50 each..... \$9.00
100 lbs. oil, at 50 cents per gal..... 50.00
Lumber from N. E. at 12 cents..... 1.75
Hauling same..... 1.75
Boards..... 4.25
Total..... \$69.75

The bill was in the handwriting of the man who acted as book-keeper, cashier, and buyer for the factory, and was six bills put together to save separate O. K.'s. Does the reader see anything wrong with the figures? I did at a glance. The total should have been \$44.85, instead of \$69.75.

"Where is your book-keeper this afternoon?" I asked.

"He's out."

"Well, find me all the bills you can."

He brought me half a dozen from the book, and we discovered that each one had been falsified in adding up the figures. Next day the man was sent away on an errand and an expert brought in to overhaul his books, and in half a day over \$4,000 in small embezzlements could be footed up. He had taken the simplest way to rob his employer, and one which is always practiced with the most success.

A similar discovery was brought about in a still more singular manner. I was riding along the highway when I noticed a folded paper which had evidently fallen from some one's pocket. When I had alighted and picked it up, I found it to be the weekly pay roll of a brick and tile yard. The owner of the yard, while a very successful business man, was a poor scholar, and he employed a young man to keep his books and handle more or less cash.

The pay roll stood as follows:

Alabama..... \$15.00
Arkansas..... \$15.00
California..... \$15.00
Colorado..... \$15.00
Connecticut..... \$15.00
Delaware..... \$15.00
Florida..... \$15.00
Georgia..... \$15.00
Idaho..... \$15.00
Illinois..... \$15.00
Indiana..... \$15.00
Iowa..... \$15.00
Kansas..... \$15.00
Kentucky..... \$15.00
Louisiana..... \$15.00
Maine..... \$15.00
Maryland..... \$15.00
Massachusetts..... \$15.00
Michigan..... \$15.00
Minnesota..... \$15.00
Mississippi..... \$15.00
Missouri..... \$15.00
Montana..... \$15.00
Nebraska..... \$15.00
Nevada..... \$15.00
New Hampshire..... \$15.00
New Jersey..... \$15.00
New Mexico..... \$15.00
New York..... \$15.00
North Carolina..... \$15.00
North Dakota..... \$15.00
Ohio..... \$15.00
Oklahoma..... \$15.00
Oregon..... \$15.00
Pennsylvania..... \$15.00
Rhode Island..... \$15.00
South Carolina..... \$15.00
South Dakota..... \$15.00
Tennessee..... \$15.00
Texas..... \$15.00
Utah..... \$15.00
Vermont..... \$15.00
Virginia..... \$15.00
Washington..... \$15.00
West Virginia..... \$15.00
Wisconsin..... \$15.00
Wyoming..... \$15.00
Total..... \$1,125.00

The laborers were working at piece work, and each one's credit differed from another's. I ran the column of figures up and found an error. I tried it again and was satisfied that the true total was only \$85.81. I took the paper to the brick man, learned who had made out the roll, and within an hour had got hold of evidence to prove that in one year his young man had defrauded him of \$890 by means of false footings.

For several years I was detailed on a branch of detective work known as "mysterious thefts," and many of them did really have a mysterious appearance at the outset. One of my very first cases was that of a man of money in a retail store. A girl 18 years of age acted as cashier, and she had an office in the rear of the store. This office was raised to a height of seven or eight feet, and had two cash windows. The cashier occupied it exclusively, and it had come about on several occasions that her cash wouldn't balance the tips on the book. She would be short \$2, \$5, \$10, or \$20, and there must be something wrong somewhere. As she had to make the shortage good she could not be suspected, and, indeed, it was on her demand that I was sent for to investigate the case. I took hold, thinking it would be a tough one, but luck aided me to speedily solve the mystery. No one on the floor of the store could take the money, as no one was admitted to the office, as the bills were stacked up on the counter next to the wall, a clear twelve feet from either of the cash windows.

I entered the store at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. At 12 half of the employees went out to dinner, and three or four others lunched from their baskets. Among the latter was the cashier. She sat on a stool facing the front of the store, with her back to the money, and kept up a conversation with a girl seated just outside the railing. She had been seated thus about ten minutes when I saw a string slowly descend from the floor above her head. It came down alongside the wall, and the little black ball at the end of it rested for a moment on the top rail of the pile of bank notes. Then it was drawn up, and away went a bill with it, and was drawn through a hole above. The cashier neither saw nor heard. The few employees of the store were busy, and the footsteps of dress goods, handkerchiefs, etc., from pillar to pillar, obstructed their vision. I went softly upstairs, and found a stock boy eating his dinner just over the office. I stood him up and found a \$10 bill in his vest pocket, with a fresh spot of pith on it, and his fist line was concealed under a box near by. There was a hole in the floor where some heavy box had smashed a board. He owned right up, and the mystery was a mystery no longer. He had never taken but one bill at a time, and that always when the cashier was eating.—New York Sun.

An Entertaining Showman.
A man from Biddford, Me., who started as a candy peddler with a small circus, has turned out to be a better showman than the proprietor of the circus. The circus became stranded in Alton, Pa., and the candy peddler took the fat wad, the stuffed snake, and the trained bear as his share of the wreck. He exhibited the curiosities in a vacant store, cleared \$200 the first week, enlarged his show, hired a small hall, and now has a flourishing dime museum.

Silence is not always indicative of wisdom. Many a man keeps his mouth closed for fear his breath will give him away.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Excellent Word Artists of Our Own Day.

The First Prize.
Mr. J. Crowwell Sprinter, the noted athlete, was loafing away the morning in Tom DeWitt's bachelor apartments, when he noticed a handsome silver mug that stood on the table.

"Hello! Where did you get this?" he asked.

"That is a first prize and commemorates the only event in which I won a cup," answered Tom.

"You? Where?" ejaculated Mr. Sprinter in astonishment. "Oh! I see the date—June 1, 1861."

"Yes; that was my birthday."

"No wonder you won it," said Mr. Sprinter disgustedly; "there was no competition!"

No Advantage.
A man whose head was perfectly bald sat down in a Grissold street barber-shop with a grin on his face, and as he was being lathered said:

"I suppose you have observed that I am bald-headed?"

"Yes, sir; I have observed it," said the barber.

"Rather get the advantage of you, eh?"

"How, sah?"

"Why, you cannot well ask me if I want my hair cut."

"No, sah. I can't, sah; but I wishes to call your 'tenshin' to my hair remover—50 cents a bottle—a pint in a bottle—make your hair grow in 'o' weeks, sah!"—Detroit Free Press.

The More the Merrier.
Marie—So you are engaged to Charlie Chester?

Claire (carelessly)—Yes.

Marie—Isn't he the fourth Charlie to whom you are engaged?

Claire (distastefully)—I believe so.

Marie—Good gracious, Claire, how do you tell them apart?

Claire (sweetly)—I don't.—Detroit Free Press.

It Can't Be Kept.
Dukane—"You have a fine new watch, I see."

C. Caswell—"Yes; isn't it a beauty? It cost \$150."

"Does it keep time?"

"Keep time? No; time flies as fast as before I bought it."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Mrs. Riley—Phwat is that bichloride a good ol' hear so much about, Mrs. Foley?

Mrs. Foley—O'm not positive, Mrs. Riley, but Ol' P'ink it's a new kind of a drink th' four hundred do be a futher takin'.—Judge.

The Mystery Solved.
Mr. Wayback—Be you the waiter? Waiter—Yes, sah.

Mr. Wayback—Dew you know, I've been a wonderin' all along why they called these places chop-houses. I know now. Will you please bring me an ax? I want tew cut this steak."—Judge.

What It Was.
Tailor—"Your bill is overdue, sir." Showpay—"Overdone? you mean. Come around next week."—Exchange.

Changed the Order.
Mr. S.—Is a very absent-minded man. Mr. S.—I asked him the other day if he would call in at a furniture store when he was down-town, and send up two copper-colored portieres.

He said he would, and straightaway went and forgot it until just a few moments before it was time for him to return. Then he remembered something about his wife's order, but nothing definite. At last he rushed into an intelligence office and left this on the slate:

"Mrs. S.—wants two copper-colored portieres; send them up at once S."—Detroit Free Press.

A Great Scheme.
"That is a fine dog you have there," said a gentleman to Lum Cogburn yesterday.

"Yes," replied Lum, with a chuckle, "that dog is a dandy. I have been living off that dog for over two years now. He makes me a good living."

